

ISSUE

1

THE TOMORROW PEOPLE

ULTIMATE

X-MEN



MARVEL  
COMICS



DIRECT EDITION



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**XS** SOMETIMES IT'S  
DANGEROUS TO BE  
A LITTLE DIFFERENT.



STAN LEE presents:

# • The • TOMORROW PEOPLE •

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**Mutant Gene CONFIRMED**  
**Proceed with TERMINATION**



# CRUNCH





## MUTANT NEST IN L.A.

GOOD EVENING, I'M  
BOAZ ESHELMEN  
AND YOU'RE WATCHING  
THE CHANNEL NINE  
NEWS UPDATE.

TONIGHT'S TOP STORY:  
TRIAL RUN OF THE SENTINELS  
IS HAILED AS A TRIUMPHANT  
SUCCESS AS A MUTANT NEST  
IN LOS ANGELES IS UNCOVERED  
AND NEUTRALIZED WITH  
NO CIVILIAN CASUALTIES.

WERE THESE MUTANT  
TERRORISTS BEHIND THE  
RECENT ANTI-HUMAN  
BOMBINGS IN NEW YORK  
AND WASHINGTON?  
POLICE SAY THE EVIDENCE  
IS UNDENIABLE --

-- BUT HUMAN RIGHTS CAMPAIGNERS  
AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL HAVE  
CONDEMNED THE ACTION AS "INHUMAN  
AND UNCONSTITUTIONAL," PROVOKING  
A STERN WHITE HOUSE RESPONSE --

HOW ANYONE CAN QUESTION  
THE SENTINEL INITIATIVE AFTER  
THE WASHINGTON ANNIHILATION  
IS ASTONISHING.

THE PRESIDENT WISHES  
TO REAFFIRM HIS SUPPORT  
FOR THIS PROJECT, AND  
OFFERS HIS MOST SINCERE  
CONGRATULATIONS TO THE  
FEDERAL EMPLOYEES BEHIND IT.

THE PRESIDENT'S PRESS SECRETARY  
HAS, OF COURSE, REFERRING TO THE  
BROTHERHOOD OF MUTANTS'  
DEVASTATING BOMB-BLAST ON CAPITOL  
HILL ONLY SEVEN DAYS AGO.

AND THE SUBSEQUENT  
BROADCAST FROM  
MAGNETO, THE DEATH CULT'S  
SELF-APPOINTED LEADER...







MAN IS A PARASITE UPON  
MUTANT RESOURCES. HE  
EATS OUR FOOD, BREATHES  
OUR AIR AND OCCUPIES LAND  
WHICH EVOLUTION INTENDED  
HOMO SUPERIOR TO INHERIT.

NATURALLY, OUR ATTACKS  
UPON YOUR POWER BASES  
WILL CONTINUE UNTIL YOU  
DELIVER THIS WORLD TO  
ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS.



BUT YOUR  
REPLACEMENTS  
GROW IMPATIENT.



FORMER NASA ENGINEER  
AND SENTINEL DESIGNER,  
PROFESSOR BOLIVAR TRASK,  
WAS PLEASED WITH THE  
PERFORMANCE OF HIS  
ANDROIDS, AND IS EXCITED  
ABOUT FUTURE POTENTIAL —

WE'VE LIVED IN FEAR OF THE  
MUTANTS FOR AS LONG AS I  
CAN REMEMBER, BUT TODAY  
GOES DOWN IN HISTORY AS  
THE TURNING POINT WHERE  
ORDINARY PEOPLE STARTED  
FIGHTING BACK.



LOS ANGELES WAS ONLY  
THE FIRST STEP. MY  
COLLEAGUES AND I ESTIMATE  
THAT EVERY MUTANT HIDING  
IN THE UNITED STATES WILL  
BE DETAINED WITHIN THE  
NEXT SIX TO EIGHT WEEKS.



SAN DIEGO!

JEEZ, I  
HAVEN'T SEEN  
ANYONE LOOKING SO  
NERVOUS WATCHING  
TV SINCE MY OLD MAN  
BET THE RENT ON  
LAST YEAR'S SUPER  
BOWL.

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER, FREAK?  
YOU SCARED THE  
SENTINELS WILL  
DROP IN HERE FOR A  
BEER ON THE WAY  
BACK FROM L.A.?

CORRECT  
ME IF I'M WRONG,  
SIR, BUT I WAS UNDER  
THE IMPRESSION THAT  
THE SENTINELS  
WERE ONLY AFTER  
MUTANTS.

WELL,  
IF YOU AINT A  
MUTANT, HOW DO  
YOU EXPLAIN THOSE  
USLV, GORILLA-SIZED  
FEET OF YOURS,  
DUDE?

WAS MOM  
MAKING OUT  
WITH MIGHTY  
JOE YOUNG  
BEHIND YOUR  
DADDY'S BACK  
OR WHAT?

I'M SORRY,  
FRIEND, BUT  
I THINK YOU'VE  
MISTAKEN ME FOR  
SOMEONE WHO  
WALKED IN HERE  
LOOKING FOR  
TROUBLE.

YEAH,  
WELL, I RECKON  
YOU JUST MISTOOK  
ME FOR SOMEONE  
WHO CARES,  
FATBOY!





FINA HCKO







THAT'S RIGHT, FREAK: JUST KEEP MOUTHING OFF AND GIVING ME THE EXCUSE I WAS LOOKING FOR TO PULL THIS TRIGGER.

GET OUT OF MY BAR, YOU FILTHY ANIMAL, OR I SWEAR TO GOD I'LL DECORATE THIS PLACE WITH EVERY BRAIN CELL IN YOUR HEAD!

ARE YOU SERIOUS? THE GUY CAME AT ME WITH A POOL CUE.

OKAY, OKAY, I'M GOING...

...BUT THE ONLY REASON I FEEL I CAN WALK OUT OF HERE WITH ANY DIGNITY IS THAT I DIDN'T FLUSH THE TOILET WHEN I PAID A VISIT TO YOUR MEN'S ROOM.

TANK! KA-CHUNK  
TIPS

DON'T YOU EVER WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO LIVE IN A PLACE WHERE THE LOCALS AREN'T ORGANIZING A LYNCH MOB THE SECOND YOU WALK THROUGH THE DOOR, HENRY MCCOY?

WHO THE HECK ARE YOU?

THE BEST THING THAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU SINCE THEY STARTED DOING REEBOK IN A SIZE 42, HANDSOME.



ATHENS, TEXAS:



EXCUSE ME, OFFICER. HAVE YOU GOT A MOMENT?

HECK, MISS, I GOT TWO. WHAT'S UP?

WELL, DESPITE THE FACT THAT I'M AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG GIRL, WHAT YOUR BRAIN IS ACTUALLY REGISTERING AT THE MOMENT IS A MIDDLE-AGED FEDERAL AGENT WITH ALL THE RELEVANT IDENTIFICATION.

NOW LET'S STOP WASTING MY TIME AND YOURS AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS MUTANT YOU BOYS SAID YOU FOUND.



Y-YES, SIR. SORRY, SIR. I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME.

THANKS FOR COMING DOWN HERE ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE.



NO PROBLEM, SON. ORDINARY JOES LIKE YOU AND ME CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL WITH ALL THESE SHIFTY, RADIOACTIVE FREAKS ON THE LOOSE.





I KNOW  
WHAT YOU MEAN,  
SIR. THIS LITTLE  
CAR THIEF, FOR  
EXAMPLE, LOOKS AS  
HUMAN AS YOU  
OR ME.

IT'S HARD TO  
BELIEVE THE FREAK  
CREATED SOME KIND OF  
ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING  
STORM WHEN WE PULLED  
OVER HER 1978 MUSTANG  
ON HIGHWAY 45 A  
COUPLE OF HOURS  
AGO.

LUCKY FOR US MISS ORORO  
MUNROE HERE HASN'T QUITE  
PERFECTED HER MUTANT  
ABILITIES, OR WE'D BE  
THE ONES NURSING A FEW  
BROKEN RIBS INSTEAD  
OF THIS LITTLE  
MINK, HUH?

THANK  
HEAVENS FOR  
SMALL MERCIES,  
DEPUTY.



GRAB YOUR THINGS  
AND START RUNNING,  
ORORO... I CAN ONLY  
CLOUD ONE MIND AT A  
TIME, AND THE SHERIFF  
WILL BE BACK ANY  
MINUTE.

YOU'RE  
NOT ANOTHER  
OF MAGNETO'S  
STUPID LACKEYS,  
ARE YOU?

I'VE ALREADY  
TOLD HIM I'M NOT  
INTERESTED IN  
ENSLAVING THE  
HUMAN RACE.

RELAX,  
SWEETHEART.  
MY NAME'S JEAN  
GREY, AND YOU'RE  
WORKING FOR THE  
COMPETITION  
NOW.





NEW YORK

A LITTLE BIRDY INFORMS ME THAT EVERY CENT YOU'RE PAID BY THE RUSSIAN MAFIA GETS WIRED BACK TO YOUR IMPOVERISHED FAMILY ON SIBERIA, MR. RASPUTIN.

I WONDER, ARE ALL SOVIET EXPATRIATES SUCH MOTHER'S BOYS, OR IS THIS BEHAVIOR EXCLUSIVE TO THE ARMS-DEALING COMMUNITY?

JUST SHUT UP AND CHECK THE MERCHANDISE BEFORE I KICK YOU IN THE NUTS SO HARD YOU'RE GULPING WITH THREE ADAM'S APPLES, ARMED.

YOUR K&B SUITCASE-NUKE LOOKS QUITE IN ORDER, YOUNG MAN.

I BELIEVE THE GENTLEMAN I REPRESENT WILL BE MOST SATISFIED.

MY THANKS FOR SUCH A SMOOTH TRANSACTION, AND I'M CERTAIN WE SHALL DO BUSINESS AGAIN IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE.

FREEZE, YOU LITTLE SNAKE. ISN'T IT CUSTOMARY WHERE YOU COM FROM TO LET A BUSINESS ASSOCIATE ACTUALLY COUNT THE MILLION DOLLARS IN EVERY MILLION-DOLLAR DEAL?

I'M AFRAID THAT DEPENDS ENTIRELY ON WHETHER THEY'VE JUST BEEN HANDED A SUITCASE FULL OF MONOPOLY MONEY, MY DEAR, YOUNG FRIEND...









MY  
THOUGHTS  
EXACTLY.





I KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
THINKING,  
PIOTR.



YOU  
THINK YOUR  
COVER'S BLOWN  
AND YOU'RE ALL  
ALONE AND YOU  
MIGHT AS WELL  
STAND HERE AND  
WAIT FOR THE  
SENTINELS NOW  
THAT THE WORD IS  
OUT THAT YOU'RE  
SECRETLY A  
MUTANT.



BUT  
YOU'RE WRONG.  
YOU ARE NOT  
ALONE.

WELCOME  
TO THE X-MEN,  
HONEY.





LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MY NAME IS **SCOTT SUMMERS**, BUT AS LONG AS WE'RE IN UNIFORM, I RECOMMEND YOU ALL GET USED TO CALLING ME "**CYCLOPS**."

NOW, BEFORE WE MEET **THE PROFESSOR**, I WANT YOU ALL TO RUN THROUGH YOUR INDIVIDUAL CODE-NAME'S ONE MORE TIME TO MAKE SURE WE'RE ON THE SAME PAGE HERE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M SAYING THIS, BUT **STORM**.










THERE'S NO DENVING YOU'VE GOT A BEAUTIFUL SCHOOL HERE, BUT WHAT KIND OF PRINCIPAL DESIGNS BLACK LATEX UNIFORMS FOR HIS IMPRESSIONABLE TEENAGE STUDENTS?

THE KIND WHO WANTS THE MUTANT GENE WE'RE ALL CARRYING AROUND TO REMAIN UNDETECTED BY THE SENTINELS, I'D IMAGINE.

THE UNIFORM IS A CLOAKING DEVICE. AS LONG AS YOU'RE WEARING ONE OF THESE, THE SENTINELS ARE FOOLED INTO THINKING YOUR BIO-SIGNATURE IS SAFELY IN THE HUMAN RANGE.



AREN'T YOU WORRIED THESE PAINTERS WILL TELL SOMEONE YOU'RE RUNNING A SAFEHOUSE FOR ILLEGAL MUTANTS?

YOU COULD FLY A PLANE DOWN THAT CORRIDOR AND THE POOR DEVILS WOULD BE CONVINCED THEY WERE LOOKING AT A WASP.

UH, IS IT JUST ME OR IS THERE SOME CREEPY GUY TALKING DIRECTLY INTO OUR BRAINS ABOUT WASPS?

NOT IN THE SLIGHTEST, COLOSSUS. I PLACED THESE FINE GENTLEMEN IN A POST-HYPNOTIC TRANCE WHEN I HIRED THEM.



COME IN, MY FRIENDS. JOIN ME FOR A PERRIER IN THE LIBRARY.





MY NAME IS  
PROFESSOR  
CHARLES  
XAVIER.

YOU'LL HAVE  
TO FORGIVE  
ME FOR NOT  
STANDING  
UP.



THIS  
MIGHT SOUND LIKE  
A STUPID QUESTION,  
BUT IS A ROOM  
STILL A LIBRARY IF IT  
DOESN'T HAVE ANY  
BOOKS?




I'M AFRAID, LIKE  
YOU, MY READING SPEED  
HAS REACHED THE POINT  
WHERE I CAN'T TURN THE  
PAGES FAST ENOUGH,  
BEAST.

I PREFER TO  
SIT HERE INSTEAD AND  
READ THE MINDS OF  
FAVORITE WRITERS AS  
THEY TYPE. YOU'D BE  
SURPRISED HOW MANY  
GOOD IDEAS NEVER  
MAKE IT TO THE  
PRINTED PAGE.



FASCINATING.






NO, WHAT'S FASCINATING IS THAT TWO GROWN MEN ARE ANSWERING TO "COLOSSUS" AND "BEAST."

I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE ROOF OVER MY HEAD WHILE THIS ANTI-MUTANT HYSTERIA IS GOING ON OUTSIDE, BUT DO WE REALLY NEED THE INSULTING HIGH SCHOOL NICKNAMES?

BUT THESE AREN'T NICKNAMES, STORM. YOU'VE JUST BEEN REBAPTIZED AS A POST-HUMAN BEING.

IT'S AN IDEA MAGNETO AND I DEvised ONCE UPON A TIME: A NAME WHICH DESCRIBES YOUR OWN SKILLS AND PERSONALITY AS OPPOSED TO THOSE OF A LONG-DEAD ANCESTOR.



I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH MAGNETO.


ON THE CONTRARY, MY DEAR. THERE WAS A TIME WHEN MAGNETO AND I WERE LIKE BROTHERS.



I WAS THE ONE WHO HELPED HIM BUILD HIS MUTANT SANCTUARY IN THAT LOST, FORGOTTEN JUNGLE. A REFUGE FOR ANYONE SEEKING RESpite FROM THE KIND OF PERSECUTION WE HAD ALWAYS FACED.

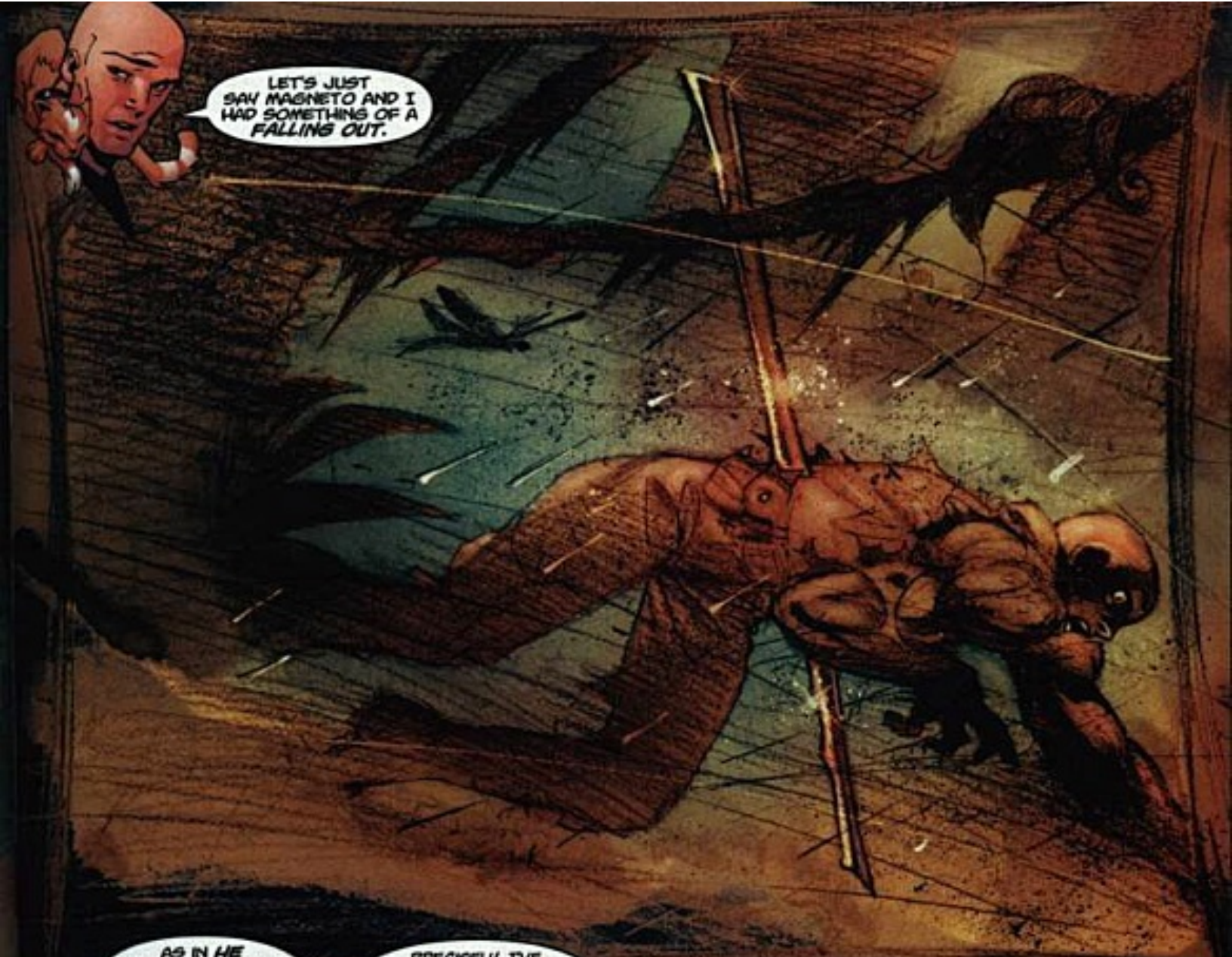
FOR A WHILE, IT SEEMED LIKE OUR LITTLE HIDING PLACE IN THE SAVAGE LAND WAS AS CLOSE AS GOD'S EARTH COULD EVER COME TO HEAVEN.

BUT SADLY, NOTHING LASTS FOREVER.




WHAT WENT WRONG?






LET'S JUST  
SAV MAGNETO AND I  
HAD SOMETHING OF A  
FALLING OUT.




AS IN HE  
WANTED MUTANTKIND  
TO OVERTHROW THE  
STATUS QUO AND YOU  
HAD THE TEMERITY  
TO DISAGREE WITH  
HIM?



PRECISELY. I'VE  
LONG HELD THE OPINION  
THAT THE ONLY GUARANTEE  
IN A CONFRONTATION  
BETWEEN MAN AND MUTANT  
IS EXTINCTION ON  
BOTH SIDES.

THAT'S WHY I  
ESCAPED HERE AND  
FORMED THIS LITTLE  
SCHOOL AND WHY IT WAS  
SO ESSENTIAL THAT I  
FOUND YOU BEFORE  
HE DID.

MAKE NO  
MISTAKE, CHILDREN:  
WE'RE HERE TO STOP  
A WAR.




THE SAME WAY I FOUND THE  
YOUNG MAN WHO COULDN'T  
CONTROL THE BEAMS FROM  
HIS EYES AND THE SIXTEEN-  
YEAR-OLD GIRL WHO COULD  
LIFT WEIGHTS WITH  
HER THOUGHTS,  
COLOSSUS.

THE  
CEREBRO  
SYSTEM.



HOW DID  
YOU MANAGE TO  
FIND US, ANYWAY?  
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN  
PRETTY CAREFUL  
ABOUT COVERING  
MY TRACKS.





CEREBRO AMPLIFIES MY PSYCHIC ABILITIES AND GIVES ME A HEAD-OVER WHATEVER MAGNETO'S CURRENTLY USING TO LOCATE NEW RECRUITS FOR HIS BROTHERHOOD.

I WAS ACTUALLY JUST IN THE MIDDLE OF USING IT TO MIND-SCAN ANOTHER POTENTIAL STUDENT WHEN I HEARD CYCLOPS DRAWING UP IN THE PEOPLE CARRIER OUTSIDE.



A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO RAN AWAY FROM HOME WHEN HE REALIZED HE WAS A MUTANT, TERRIFIED THAT HIS PARENTS MIGHT GET HURT IF THE SENTINELS ATTACKED HIS SUBURBAN HOME.

HIS NAME, I BELIEVE, IS **BOBBY DRAKE**, BUT I'M AFRAID EVEN HE ISN'T SURE WHAT HIS POWERS ARE YET.





I MUST BE OUT OF MY MIND: IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT AND I'M DRESSED LIKE AN ACTION FIGURE AND PROWLING THE STREETS FOR SOME ZIT-FACED TEENAGER.

REMEMBER ME HOW XAVIER TALKED ME INTO THIS AGAIN, CYCLOPS?



BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ON THE RUN, STORM. BESIDES, COULD YOU REALLY LIE AROUND WATCHING T.V. WHILE THIS POOR KID GETS BARBECUED IN THE NEXT SENTINEL SWOOP?

JUST WISH TIMES SQUARE NEEDED NEW NUTS.



BARBECUE'S OFF THE MENU, CYCLOPS. I'VE JUST SPOTTED DRAKE ON A GREYHOUND BUS AND THE ONLY THING HE'S IN DANGER OF IS A PERSISTENT LEG CRAMP.



NOT FROM WHERE I'M STANDING, PEOPLE.  
TURN AROUND.









CYCLOPS TO BEAST:  
I KNOW YOU HAVEN'T BEEN  
TRAINED FOR THIS, MAN, AND I  
HATE TO THROW YOU IN AT THE  
DEEP END, BUT --

I KNOW,  
I KNOW...

SAAAAASH!!!

PERILS OF  
BEING THE BIG  
MONKEY-LIKE GUY  
IN ANY TEAM,  
CYCLOPS.

BUT ALL THE GENE-CLOAKING  
UNIFORMS IN THE WORLD AREN'T  
GOING TO HIDE ME NOW THAT MY  
COVER'S BEEN BLOWN.

ANY  
CHANCE OF SOME  
BACKUP BEFORE  
ME AND BOBBY'S  
OBITUARIES APPEAR  
IN THE MORNING  
PAPERS?

BACKUP ARE  
HAVING THEIR ARMS  
TWISTED RIGHT NOW,  
BEAST. GOOD WORK,  
BY THE WAY.



OKAY, I KNOW THE CIRCUMSTANCES ARE HARDLY IDEAL TO SEE IF OUR TEAMWORK'S UP TO SCRATCH, BUT MARVEL GIRL AND I CAN'T DO THIS ALONE.

I'M JUST PRAYING YOU GUYS ARE HALF AS GOOD AS THE PROFESSOR SEEMS TO THINK YOU ARE.

MARVEL GIRL, DISORIENT THEIR SIGNALS. COLOSSUS, TOPPLE THOSE TWO ON YOUR LEFT. STORM, YOU STICK WITH ME.

FORGET IT, CYCLOPS. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. THE LAST TIME I TRIED TO USE MY POWERS I ALMOST ELECTROCUTED AN ENTIRE PLAYGROUND FULL OF TWELVE-YEAR-OLDS.

THIS ISN'T OPEN TO DEBATE, STORM. YOU EITHER PITCH IN AND HELP OR WE'RE ALL SLEEPING IN A SHALLOW GRAVE TONIGHT.

OKAY, OKAY. I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.

I DON'T HAVE TIME TO GET ON MY KNEES HERE.

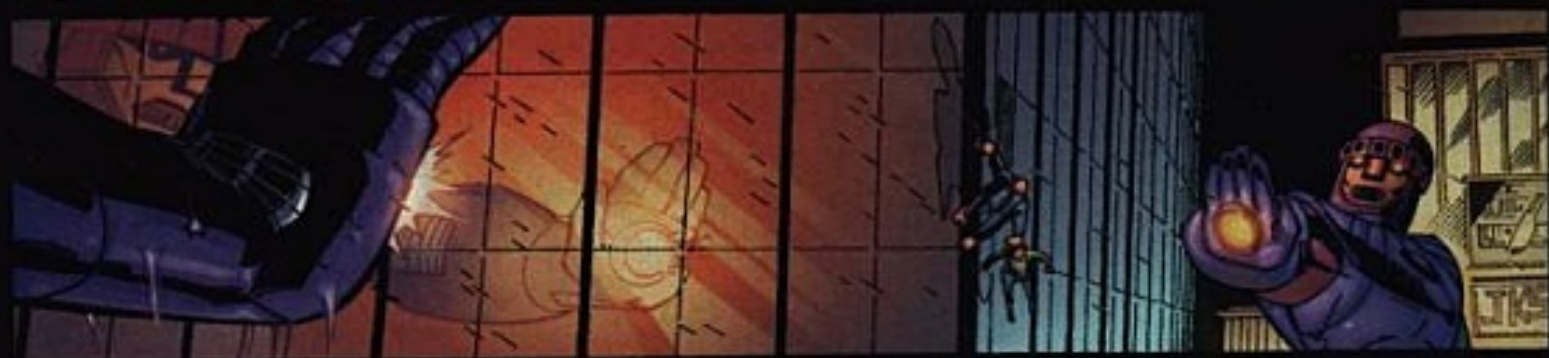
BUT DON'T BLAME ME IF I WIPE OUT MANHATTAN BY MISTAKE.











I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE STILL ALIVE HERE, JEAN. ARE WE DOWN TO THE LAST SENTINEL OR HAVE I STILL GOT BLOOD IN MY EYES?

DOWN TO THE LAST TWO, CYCLOPS --









GOOD  
BOY.



I KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE THINKING,  
INCIDENTALLY.  
YOU THINK  
THE ONLY WAY I  
CAN RELEASE AN  
OPTIC BLAST IS TO  
PRESS THE BUTTON  
ON MY VISOR,  
DON'T YOU?



CLICK!

BAD NEWS,  
DUMBASS.

















CONTRARY  
TO WHAT WE MIGHT  
HAVE BELIEVED --



-- IT SEEMS OUR OLD FRIEND  
CHARLES XAVIER IS ALIVE AND  
WELL, GENTLEMEN.

SERIOUSLY? I MEAN,  
I RECOGNIZED JEAN  
GREY AND A COUPLE OF  
THE OTHERS WE WERE  
AFTER, BUT I DIDN'T SEE  
XAVIER IN ANY OF THE  
NEWS FOOTAGE,  
MAGNETO.



AN ORGANIZED CELL  
OF OUTCASTS RISKING  
THEIR LIVES FOR  
A FEW GRINNING  
PRIMATES?



HE  
MIGHT AS WELL  
HAVE SIGNED  
THE BOTTOM OF  
THE SCREEN,  
TOAD.

THE  
ARMS DEALERS ARE  
WAITING UPSTAIRS,  
MAGNETO.

AH,  
THE FAT, LITTLE  
HOMO SAPIEN WHO  
MANAGED TO LOSE  
MY NUCLEAR WEAPON.  
TELL HIM TO WAIT IN  
THE MUSIC ROOM,  
QUICKSILVER.

I'M  
GOING TO  
WATCH THE  
VIDEOTAPE  
AGAIN.





OH, MAGNETO.  
HOW CAN I EVER THANK  
YOU FOR GIVING ME THIS  
CHANCE TO EXPLAIN,  
SIR?



TELL ME: ARE YOU STILL FITTED  
WITH THAT PACEMAKER AFTER A  
LIFETIME OF OVEREATING  
AND NEGLECT?



YES, BUT I DON'T SEE  
WHAT THAT'S GOT TO  
DO WITH...




OH  
GOD.









TELL WOLVERINE HE  
HAS A NEW ASSIGNMENT.

TO BE CONTINUED